

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*A Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia.* By George Waddington, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. Barnard Hanbury, of Jesus College, A. M., F. A. S. With Maps and other Engravings. 4to. pp. 633. London, 1822.

MR. WADDINGTON's journal is one of the most original works in the branch of literature to which it belongs, that has issued from the press for some time. The narrative is brief and comprehensive, full of matter of fact, stated with modest confidence in an inartificial manner, avoiding all prolixity, laboured description, or extraneous details; furnishing, in these respects, a good specimen of what a book of travels ought to be, and a striking contrast to the dull and ponderous volumes with which the public are inundated. Some discrepancies and inelegancies of language might be pointed out, but they are by no means numerous.

Mr. Waddington, we learn from the preface, had arrived at Venice in January, 1820, with the intention of wandering a few months in Greece and Asia Minor, when he met with his friend, Mr. Hanbury, preparing for an antiquarian visit to Egypt and Nubia. They agreed to travel together, and, after passing the spring and most of the summer in Greece, they arrived at Alexandria about the middle of August. An expedition had just left Cairo for the purpose of reducing the countries above the Second Cataract; this presented a favourable opportunity for the travellers carrying their designs into effect, and they immediately proceeded to the Second Cataract, examining, in their way, the various objects of curiosity that are scattered along the banks of the Nile. This journal does not touch on the countries through which they travelled, already well described, but commences at Wady Halfa, and embraces a tour through countries far beyond where the enterprising Burckhardt penetrat-

ed. Burckhardt only succeeded in following the Nile as far as Tinareh, while Mr. Waddington and his fellow traveller got as far as Merawe.

It was on the 11th of November, 1820, that Mr. Waddington and Mr. Hanbury, set forward attended by a dragoman; James Curtin, a young Irishman, who was for some time with Belzoni; Giovanni Flamingo, a Maltese; and his cousin Giuseppe, a fine lad of 18 or 19, who served as volunteer; and a black slave. They had six camels and a young setter, which they duly named Anubis. On arriving at the second shoonah, they were very hospitably received by Mahomed Effendi, who saluted them in English, and invited them, in very intelligible French, to share his pillow and mishmish:—

'Mahomed Effendi was in England for a few days, I believe on some political mission, at the time of the sailing of Lord Exmouth for Algiers; he had passed some months at Paris: he was very affable, and even polite; he professed some knowledge of mineralogy, and was anxious in his inquiries about ores, with a view, as usual, to the discovery of some rich mines. He told us that the Pasha once offered ten boats, manned by his best soldiers, and armed with cannon, to any one of his subjects who would undertake to discover the sources of the Nile, and that they answered him, "of what use would it be?" and by this argument the most enlightened Turk in existence is represented to have been satisfied. This was bad encouragement to travellers and explorers who retained enough of their European prejudice to fancy that all knowledge is useful.

While we were doing honour to the hospitality of Mahomed, he was himself attentively examining a distant sand-bank with his telescope, a very tolerable English one; at last he called for his gun, also made in London, and taking most deliberate aim, fired point-blank at the trunk of a tree, which he mistook for a crocodile slumbering on the shore; the ball, as might have been expected, struck the water just half way; he repeated this operation several times with a rifle of ours, and precisely with the same effect; and, as the supposed monster remained perfectly undisturbed, the telescope was again directed to the spot, and he at last became convinced of an error, which had been long evident to the unassisted eyes of the

Arabs. It is well known, or generally believed, that at Philæ crocodiles are harmless; this is said not to be the case here, though the causes that are supposed sufficient to produce that effect in the one instance, exist with exactly the same force in the other. A bank was shewn to us, where three were to be seen every morning at a certain hour.'

In quitting the steps of Burckhardt, our author pays a just compliment to that distinguished traveller. He says:

'His acquired qualifications were, I believe, never equalled by those of any other traveller; his natural ones appear to me even more extraordinary. Courage to seek danger, and calmness to confront it, are not uncommon qualities; but it is difficult to court poverty, and to endure insult. Hardships, exertions, and privations of all kinds are easy to a man in the enjoyment of health and vigour; but, during repeated attacks of a dangerous disease, which he might have considered as so many warnings to escape from his fate, that he should never have allowed his thoughts to wander homewards—that, when sickening among the sands and winds of the desert, he should never have sighed for the freshness of his native mountains—this does, indeed, prove an ardour in the good cause in which he was engaged, and a resolution, if necessary, to perish in it, that make his character very uncommon, and fate most lamentable; and, perhaps, none are so capable of estimating his character, as surely none can more sincerely lament his fate, than those who can bear testimony to the truth of his information; who have trod the country that he has so well described, and gleamed the fields where he has reaped so ample a harvest.'

Speaking of Dar Mahass and Naour, Mr. Waddington says:—

'The houses in this country are of two kinds: the largest, as just described, are of mud, built like fortresses, and for that purpose. The commonest are low cottages, eight or ten feet high, of straw, strengthened with palm branches; the whole being kept together with string, made also of the palm; acacia branches support, and generally rise much above, the roof, which is flat, and of palm leaves. At each corner is the dry stem of a palm, to which the walls are united, and which assist in supporting them; and one generally runs across the top to sustain the roof. The men wear the round Nubian hair; the women are generally naked, ex-

cept a covering round their waist; they are chiefly Nubians, interspersed with some Ababdes. Matted work was becoming rather more plentiful; we saw more people employed in weaving, the only improvement which marked our approach to the capital. In this, as in most of the other villages, is a hut, with a large jar of water in it, by the road-side, for travellers. When there are no houses, this jar is generally placed under a fine tree. The houses in the old towns are often of mud and stones mixed; by the description given us by our guides of such stone ruins, we were sometimes deceived into the hopes of finding an ancient temple.'

At Dongola our author found a singular union of German superstitions with Greek customs, the people predicting the death of some one in the place from the howling of a dog. Here Mr. W. became acquainted with a striking instance of Turkish severity:—

'When the army was encamped in the neighbourhood, an old woman, of this village, refused to take in payment the piastres of Egypt; for, though the savages have not the slightest objection to Spanish dollars or Venetian sequins, they have yet a very reasonable dislike to a coin that is neither silver nor gold. Ismael Pasha ordered this woman to be brought before him; she supported her refusal, even in his presence, with great spirit, and ended by contemptuously throwing down the money at his feet. He commanded his janissaries to beat her to death, and the sentence was immediately executed.'

When passing up the Nile they had for a companion a Georgian or Persian, who, though neither deficient in civility nor respect, had committed some singularly violent acts:—

'He found himself engaged, one morning, in a gambling quarrel at Cairo, with two Turks, one of whom fired at him; he first locked the door, and then, with the greatest coolness, took out his pistols and shot them both; the fact became notorious, but as the first outrage had been committed by his antagonists, his life was spared. He killed a third soldier at Siout under nearly similar circumstances, and then Ismael Pasha would have punished him with death, but for the influence of his head janissary, who was a fellow-countryman of the Persian. At Assouan he received several hundred blows of the nubboot, for some offence which he is said to have repeated the following day; however, he soon afterwards determined to reform, and gave the usual proof of his good intentions, by allowing his beard to grow; but even after that event, being one day furiously irritated by his fellow-soldiers on board the boat, he once more drew out his pistols, and, though he had full three inches of the hair of repentance on his chin, he gave them all (thirteen in number) a challenge, which none of them thought proper to accept. This man was

most particularly attentive to us and our servants, and was in manner and demeanor the most civilized man on board.'

At Amboocote we are told that,—

'The women here have an emphatic manner of speaking, and use much gesticulation, not at all gracefully, and when meaning to be very expressive, they sharpen their voice to shrillness, and the shrill sound alone is often repeated by the other women present, and not otherwise engaging in the conversation; this concert is meant to impress very strongly on the listening stranger the force of what may have immediately preceded it. They are not afraid of being seen in public, and talking to the soldiers; and though in general very ugly, they are so far from affecting the entire concealment of the person, usual with Mahometan women, that the upper part of the body, down to the loins, is always quite naked; their hair is, as usual, greased and plaited, and by some, evidently with great nicety. I observed on the more fashionable heads some of the plaits passing backwards, above the ears, under those which are hanging down by the sides, as in some of the figures on the Egyptian temples. They call the soldiers Romans—a term flattering to their vanity, as they suppose it to be used in compliment to their courage.'

The ambition of Mohammed Ali is to possess all the banks and the islands of the Nile, and to be master of all who drink its waters, from Abyssinia to the Mediterranean. In an expedition, commanded by his son Ismael Pacha, against the Sheygya Arabs:—

'The first skirmish seems to have taken place near Old Dongola, when the Pasha and some of his generals, with very few soldiers, were surprised by a party of Sheygy'a, whom they repulsed. In one that succeeded, Abdin Casheff took prisoner the virgin daughter of one of their chiefs; he instantly sent her unseen to the Pasha. The young Turk commanded the half-naked savage to be brought before him; he received her with kindness, and asked her some questions about her father; he then ordered her to be washed, and splendidly dressed, changed her ornaments of dollars for others of Venetian gold, and sent her, under a strong escort, back to her father. As soon as the chief recognised his daughter, and saw how she had been honoured, "All this is well," said he with impatience, "but are you still a virgin?"—She assured him that she was; and when he had ascertained the truth of this, he withdrew his troops, and swore that he would not fight against the man who had spared the virginity of his daughter: an act worthy to be recorded among those sacrifices of public spirit to private feeling, which have ever been condemned by philosophers, and will ever be forgiven by other men. This little anecdote was very generally spoken of, and made a great noise in both armies.'

'About the same time, in order to in-

timidate his enemy by so wonderful a display of power, the Pasha ordered an exhibition of fireworks. His enemy was less timid, though, perhaps, not less ignorant, than he imagined, and on seeing the rockets shooting into the air, they only remarked, "What, is he come to make war against Heaven too!" and their courage was confirmed by the sight. "You are come against us," they used to shout from their encampment, "you are come against us from the North and from the East and from the West; but we will destroy you." When told by the Ababde, who were escorting the Chief's daughter, that, if they did not submit, the Pasha would drive them to Sennaar—"He may drive us to the gates of the world; but we will not submit."

A terrible engagement ensued, in which the Sheygya left six hundred men on the field of battle. Mr. W. says:—

'I am told that the dying expression which remained on the faces of most of them was that of anger rather than of terror, and that many had expired with a smile on their countenance. I have heard of some acts of individual courage, performed by them during the battle, and which are related with admiration by the Turks themselves. One Arab, who appears to have placed perfect confidence in the strength of his charms, after receiving five balls, continued fighting and crying out, "that they might fire, but could never hurt him;" till he received his mortal wound. The exploits of another are particularly celebrated by his enemies, who, after being similarly perforated, fought till he fell, and died crying "Where is the Pasha?" Another, also wounded, had lost his horse; however, he found his way to the door of the tent of Selah Dar, whose groom was standing there biting his master's charger; the Arab disabled the groom, leaped on the horse, and galloped away. However, such acts are common in all battles; nor are they more admirable in savage than in civilized man. Death is not more terrible in the desert than in the city; it ought to be less so to those who have less to live for.'

'Those who escaped from the battle of Korti, took refuge in some strong stone castles, one of which is built on the site of an ancient temple at the foot of Mt. Dager, on the other bank of the Nile. Their horses are taught to swim across the river in the broadest parts; they are also trained, by a particular jerk of the bridle, to advance by springs instead of any regular pace, making their gallop exactly that of an antelope; they thus prevent the enemy from aiming with certainty, by the uncertainty of their own motion, without impeding the actions of the rider, who is accustomed to it. The Pasha pursued them to their castles, in and behind which were drawn up to receive him these black horsemen of the desert, darkening (as an eye-witness described it,) the side of the

mountain ; they were shouting terribly, and seemed awaiting the attack with impatience. This time, the Pasha thought it more prudent to bring some pieces of artillery to bear upon them. A heavy fire of shot and shells, which they were equally unable to avoid and to avenge, quickly dissipated the ardour of these unhappy men, and they appear to have fled without making any attempt at resistance. Yet even in this case (as we afterwards learnt), were their terrors derived from their superstition : a shell fell into one of the castles, and began rolling and bounding about : they collected in numbers to look at it, and were much amused by its motions, till it burst and wounded several ; it was then that they fled, exclaiming, "that the spirits of hell were come against them, and were too strong for them." To the last they had no fear of man or his inventions ; but, astounded by the power and novelty of the means employed to destroy them, they came to the natural, but hopeless, conclusion, that "the spirits of hell were come against them." They were pursued by the cavalry and artillery for the whole night ; and with what effect, we had afterwards an opportunity of observing. The first halt of the army was at the spot where we found it encamped, about twelve hours from Djebel Dager.'

In the course of their journey, our travellers, when returning to their boat from an excursion a few miles from the coast, met with three very important Turkish-looking men, one of whom saluted them in English :—

'They proved to be an Italian and two Americans ; the former, named Rossignoli, was a physician on the staff, and the others were renegades ; the more consequential of the two is named Mahomed Elendi—it is said, that he is of a good family, and that, after deliberately weighing, with all the advantages of education, the merits of the two religions, he declared in favour of the Mahometan. He then wrote a book, to prove to all the Christian world how well he had decided, and of which he greatly wished, we were assured, to obtain the publication in England. He was now an officer of artillery in the Pasha's service ; he is a pale delicate-looking man, of above thirty, and has been successful in acquiring the grave and calm look of the Turks, and the slow motion of the head and roll of the eyes. Two other Americans followed his example, and also (to use the orthodox expression) "took the turban," and they have since been heard to express their repentance of an act performed (as they say) at his persuasion. Of their conversion, or, rather, transformation, (and it seems to have been almost miraculous,) I can give no better account than by a *literal* translation of one I received from an eye-witness : "one day, at Cairo, I saw pass by two Americans, dressed like common sailors (which they were), in a blue jacket and trowsers ; and then, for eight or ten days, I saw no more

of them. After that interval, I observed them again, dressed in red, with a white turban on, and I say, "what thing is this?" (che cos' è questo?) and I am told, that they have made Turks of themselves ; and since, it seems, they have also made gentlemen of themselves." One of these was our third visitor. It is, perhaps, unjust to suspect that the principal object of their visit was curiosity, to know on what service we were employed by the Pasha ; supposing, as they did very naturally, that it was not a voyage of mere pleasure, that we were making to such a place, and at such a time. Amiro had before met us under the same impressions, except that he was led by his own pursuits to suspect us of being professed antiquarians, as the Americans did, no doubt, of being very able engineers. Their apparent, and perhaps only, motive for being at some trouble to see us, was highly honourable to their humanity. They had, as they fancied, very strong reasons to believe that Gentile had been poisoned, and that Demetrio had administered the drugs, at the instance of the Protomedico, who intended thereby to escape the payment of eight thousand piastres, which he owed the deceased. They talked of the Protomedico's general character, and mentioned a similar act, which he had notoriously committed at Cairo, by the hand of the very black who had so lately been our fellow-traveller ; and, in short, were more successful in proving him capable of such crimes, than guilty of this ; for it appears that Gentile's complaint (whatever may have been the cause of it) was a dysentery of some weeks' standing, and that there were no marks of poison to be discovered on the body. Their conviction, however, that such had been his fate, was very strong, and, as it appeared to us, principally founded on extremely slight, though very singular grounds. During the last hours of the sick man's life, Demetrio was observed to be particularly pressing to obtain from him his pardon : pardon for what ? Now, I know not whether it be one of the tenets of the Greek Church, but I have been often assured that it is a general belief among that worthy people, that the pardon of the dying victim ensures the mercy of God to the murderer, who thus whitewashed, without fear, and therefore without remorse, buries the corpse, and goes off with a light heart, to the repetition, perhaps, of so simple an act. Demetrio did ultimately obtain this pardon, and was observed to be in peculiarly high spirits ever after. Be the fact of the murder as it may, their object was to secure the payment of the eight thousand piastres to the widow, our own countrywoman, and this the British Consul was to effect (as they hoped) by our information. Unwilling to trust our memory on the details of a matter of so much importance, we begged them to make a written statement of the whole affair, which we promised to deliver to the consul. Rossignoli spoke the most and with the most warmth ; though the

others were not without anxiety about an act of humanity, in the performance of which they had no visible interest whatever.'

In an account of a Black, who formed part of their retinue in some part of their journey, we have an account of Turkish punishments :

'He was naturally a very active and intelligent fellow ; violent in temper, insolent to his inferiors, daring and desperate, and capable, and probably guilty, of every crime : these qualities had recommended him to the Protomedico, in whose service he had been engaged for some time, though now no longer his slave. He was accused of having once administered poison for his master at Cairo, and the story becoming notorious, the Turkish judges endeavoured to discover the truth by force of clubs ; the black received a thousand blows of the nabboot\*, without confessing his crime or betraying his master, or convincing any body that he was innocent. He was not of less use here than at Cairo, though perhaps rather more creditably employed ; as he knew the country, and the secret hoards of the inhabitants, he was mounted on a light dromedary, handsomely dressed†, and sent out, day and night, into the villages, to bring in slaves (for the Sheyga had many), or any other kind of plunder.'

An interview with Ismael Pacha shall conclude our extracts for the present :—

'We were presently informed that the Pasha was waiting to see us : we found him sitting in the European manner, on a very Christian-like sofa, on which we took our places by him. Nothing could be more gracious ; the doctor, as usual, stood before us to interpret, and James within hearing, a little behind. On a carpet on

\* At Assouan, on our way down to Cairo, Mr. Hanbury, in going to pay a visit to Achmet Pasha, found a crowd collected before the tent. A soldier was presently thrown on the ground, held by the head and feet, and beaten by two men, one on each side, with the nabboot. The executioners exerted all their force, and had the appearance of men threshing corn or sledging iron. For about a hundred and fifty blows, the man cried, *Amaun, Amaun*, and repeated the names of Ismael, Ibrahim, and Mahomed Ali ; his supplications became gradually more faint, and then ceased altogether : not so the labours of the Janissaries, who, relieving each other, to the number of nine, continued to administer above one thousand blows, during the last seven or eight hundred of which they were beating an apparent corpse. The body was then taken away, and succeeded by another, who was similarly treated. The Pasha, a very young man, apparently under twenty, sat looking on with perfect calmness, smoking a pipe and smelling a lemon. The offence was desertion ; and both the sufferers were shereefs or descendants of the prophet.'

† The Protomedico is not slow in rewarding the services of his creatures. Soon after Gentile's death, Demetrio was admitted (we were told) to the honour of his table—for what service, was only suspected.'

the Pasha's right was a grand Turk from Cairo, and next to him two Sheygy'a professors with long white beards, who had just been clothed, to their very great surprise and dismay, in splendid pelisses and rich shawls.

'The usual preliminary conversation about the river, the mountains, and the trees, we cut rather short, and came somewhat hastily to the point. "We are come according to the commands of your highness, supposing that your highness has something particular to communicate." "I feel honoured by your visit to the army, and should be pleased to have your company as far as Sennaar, but the dangers and difficulties and privations will be so great, that I advise you to return." "We wish respectfully to be informed, whether your highness's advice amounts to a command?" "It is for your own good, and the love I have for England." "We are to understand, then, that your highness *obliges* us to return?" "It is solely with a view to your own good that I give this order." "We are sorry that your highness has thought proper to prevent the intentions of English gentlemen. We submit to your highness's order." "My only motive is a consideration of your own safety; besides which, the firman given you by my father extends no farther than Wady Halfa." "We do not dispute your highness's right to act, but rather thank your highness that we have been allowed to come thus far, and perhaps we should not have thought of advancing farther, had not the Protomedico communicated to us, from your highness, an invitation to accompany the army as far as Sennaar." "I should have great pleasure, were it not that I fear for your safety." "Well, we submit; we have only to beg your Highness to permit us to advance as far as the cataracts and the islands near it, and then to return by water." "The danger is not so much in advancing as for your return, as the people in our rear are even now unquiet, and, when the army moves on, will probably break into insurrection; and from above I shall not be able to send a guard with you; nor will it be safe for you to go by water. As visitors to my army, I am responsible to my father, and to the English nation, for your safety." "In case of our writing to Cairo to mention the offers of protection made by your highness, may we be allowed these favours, by taking all responsibility on ourselves?" After some hesitation, "If you will write a letter to such effect, and give it to me, I will send it to my father and the English Consul, and you are then free to advance or return, as you like." And, after a few more words, in which he promised us a boat to go down in, the matter was ended greatly to our satisfaction.'

Here we must pause for the present, but we shall resume Mr. Waddington's Journal in our next.

*The Lollards; a Tale founded on the Persecutions which marked the early part of the Fifteenth Century.* By the Author of 'The Mystery, or Forty Years ago;' and of 'Calthorpe, or Fallen Fortunes.' 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1034. London, 1822.

WHATEVER other characteristics may mark the present age, it will be certain of being distinguished for its romantic literature. The genius of a Smollet, a Fielding, and a Goldsmith had raised this species of writing to the highest rank, but it suddenly declined, and was sinking to the lowest pitch of degradation, when the author of the Scottish novels again bade it resume its rank and its popularity. The reform has not, however, been effected by this writer alone, for having generated a better taste, he soon had some able fellow labourers in the same field, all tending to strengthen and adorn the superstructure which he had raised.

It has been objected to what are called historical novels, that they produce in the memory an inconvenient confusion of fiction and reality, and level, in the imagination, the chronicles of antiquity with the fables of romance: the charge would be reasonable enough if we were to treasure up novels, not as works of imagination, but as mere materials of history; but the great advantages of historical novels we conceive to be, that while the story may be aided by romance, the walk of common life is not shunned; the passions and predilections of humanity are dwelt upon and disclosed; the actual manners, customs, and peculiarities of some ages are illustrated and explained, and, though real personages are introduced, they are not clothed with fictions inconsistent or at variance with their real character.

In the class of those who have been most successful as historical novelists, we would rank the author of the 'Lollards.' It is true that his 'Calthorpe' was a work of mere fiction, but of fiction so nearly allied to nature, that we could confidently say, if the events did not happen, they might have happened. The 'Mystery' was enriched with much real and recent fact; but the author now, in his present work, carries us back four centuries, and shows that he is well versed in all the niceties and peculiarities of our history, and well able to combine them with the lighter attractions of romance.

The 'Lollards,' in a tale replete with interest and powerful description, gives an admirable view of the early period

of the reformation, with well-drawn characters of some of the individuals who were most distinguished, and a highly curious but faithful picture of English manners in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

In the preface, the author apologizes for some intentional anachronisms, and gives a list of authorities from whom he has derived his principal facts; less modest authors would have done neither; his candour, however, will not lessen the value or importance of his work.

The tale of the Lollards is constructed on a plan, which, by incessantly shifting the scene, affords the able author an opportunity of bringing forward the remarkable events which were then passing in different parts of Europe. It opens in London with the persecution of Lord Cobham, for his attachment to the principles of Wickliffe, which had then been made a crime under the name of 'Lollardy.' Cobham escapes from the Tower and flies to Wales. His son and daughter find an asylum with Mr. Whittington, (the brother of the celebrated Sir Richard,) at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Here that distinguished Bohemian reformer, John Huss, arrives to visit the grave of Wickliffe, and thence he passed with Edward, son to Lord Cobham, into Wales. This introduces a picture of the disorders which then prevailed on the borders. Reginald of Griffudd is here one of the principal characters, and a still more remarkable personage is found with him, who has, till now, had a most miraculous escape from romance writers and dramatists—but who is here drawn with great vigour and originality—this is the Welsh *Redhand*. In the history of the Gwadir family, which we noticed a few months ago, we are informed that—'It was the manner in those days that the murtherer only, and he who gave the death's wound, should fly; and he was called in Wales a Llawridd, which is a *Redhand*, because he had blooded his hand.' On the same authority, we are told that these men, espousing the cause of one or other chief, used their daggers for pay, and were considered entitled to some attention and especial protection; so much so, that the head of one clan would frequently send his *Redhand* to the castle of another for greater security; and the stabber was viewed as an important and even a valuable deposit. The *Redhand* here introduced is a powerful agent in the scenes which follow. From Wales (we purposely

abstain from touching on the incidents, to give a general outline of the plan,) the scene changes to Prague, and then to Constance, at the period when the celebrated council which bears the name of that city, was about to assemble. We have a well drawn-picture of the opening of their memorable labours, and of the proceedings against John Huss, who, in violation of the safe conduct previously obtained from the Emperor Sigismund, is consigned to the flames. To his care Alice, the daughter of Lord Cobham, had been confided for safety, and the catastrophe which we have mentioned places her in a very calamitous situation. Various circumstances lead her to attempt passing through France at the time that Henry the Fifth is in that country as an invader. She witnesses the exultation produced by his supposed ruin, when, from certain errors into which he had fallen, his ruin is held to be inevitable. Of course the aspect of things is suddenly changed by the battle of Agincourt, and the triumph of those lately recorded as devoted to destruction. The heroine passes over the battle-field, encountering many romantic adventures on her way. The affairs of the other characters develop what was passing in England immediately before and after the great victory. The transition from despondency to joy is traced, and a most minute account is given of the pageant and attendant ceremonies which marked the triumphant return of the victorious monarch to London. Alice gets to the French coast, where she is detained long enough to afford her an opportunity of witnessing, when she at length reaches England, the remarkable reception given to the emperor on his paying a friendly visit to England, and the protest entered against his claiming to exercise sovereignty over this country. Arriving in London, she witnesses the cursing of her father at St. Paul's cross, according to the form of cursings in that age. Lord Cobham is then taken and consigned to a cruel death, principally for favouring the circulation of English versions of the Scripture, and the mode in which he was punished is described with accuracy, if the pictures of this scene which are extant may be at all depended on. The efforts made by the son in the cause of his father, gain him a residence in the Lollards' Tower. His flight thence, and other circumstances, cause him to be accused of sorcery. Earl Powis had betrayed Cobham to death; but

the son of that nobleman and the lover of Alice seeks pardon for those whose lives were pursued by his father, and succeeds so far as to gain an order from the king to stay the proceedings till they can be carried on in his presence. In consequence of this, the principal characters again pass into France, and the case comes before the king on the day of his first interview with the Princess Catherine, his future consort, and her mother, Queen Isabella. With due regard to dramatic effect, the author has saved his grand display of regal magnificence for his closing scene, and the gorgeous preparations and brilliant display connected with that memorable event, are fully described, and here the interests of the parties for whom the reader is mainly concerned, are finally adjusted.

Having thus given a rapid, and we fear, somewhat imperfect sketch of the story, we shall make a few extracts from the work. These, in the present instance, we shall confine to the local or historical portion of it, reserving one or two of the incidents for a future number. We shall first select John Huss's visit to Mr. Whittington, at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, which is a curious picture of the domestic comforts of an English household in those days:—

'The day was wet and chilly, and, in consequence, a fire was lighted. It was made of wood and coals, which were supplied from time to time with the aid of an enormous pair of tongues, or tangs, as they were then called, and which were occasionally made to perform the office of a poker. The wood and coals were not deposited in a grate or stove, such articles not being then in use, but laid on the hearth. Whittington thought it necessary to offer something like an apology for allowing of the introduction of so effeminate a piece of luxury, as a chimney was thought to be by the admirers of old English habits, at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

"It may be, learned sir," he began, "that you suspect, because I admit into common use the fire-place, which some do think ridiculous refinement, that I give into all the affected follies which mark the sparksome gallants of this inglorious age. In that you all do me wrong. I like not their fantastic ways. I still dine at the good old-fashioned hour of ten, that I may have wherewithal to sustain my frame through the day; while others think it a most goodly and polished thing not to eat their dinner till high noon, when half their toil is over, and others even put it off an hour beyond; so that workmen, and people of the common sort, now actually dine before their masters and those of superior condition, which no man ever

could have thought he should live to see. You find not in my house a gay display of splendid pewter platters, as some have;—hollowed too, they say is now fast becoming the mode, so that that off which men eat, in some sort resembles the cups from which they drink. I still adhere to the *treene*, nor think my meat retains its proper flavour, but when I eat it from the wood; and for my beds, yourself can testify, you have not found a pillow stuffed with feathers, which some voluptuaries claim to revel on, but a true log of honest English oak, on which the head that is sound within, I know, prefers to rest."

"Your fare," said Huss, "is hospitable, is good, and is not chargeable with the phantasies which you justly condemn."

"But for the chimney," Whittington returned, "since I became advanced in years, I have been afflicted with an asthma, and ill endure the fumes of smoke, which, albeit some say it removes many complaints and maladies, is no good doctor for a cough, and, therefore, I indulge me in the luxury of a chimney as you remark, by means of which I breathe so much more at my ease, that, trust me, I should not vastly be surprised, though you may smile at the idea, if, (in the course of years I mean,) they should become common in the houses of aged men, affected as I am."

"I much incline to think," replied the Bohemian, "they would be found comforting to all who are so affected; but rich as this famed isle is said to be, its wealth must be enormously increased ere that can come to pass,—ere all who suffer from catarrhs or asthmas can find the means of indulging in such splendid convenience."

The conversation was interrupted by the introduction of breakfast. A flagon of wine was placed near John Huss, a quart of home-brewed ale by the master of the house; a bowl of milk occupied the centre of the table; and a cup or horn was placed for each person to help himself to that which he preferred to drink. Brown bread was supplied, and salt fish, and part of a chine of beef, boiled, completed the preparations for the morning's repast.

"This land of England," said the Bohemian, "is renowned abroad for its good cheer, and most especially for its fat oxen; and, truth to say, the sample now before me proves that such praise is not unwisely given."

"Alas!" said Whittington, with a sigh, "England, I fear, will never be again what England has been. Time was, indeed, our lands were fitly cultivated, and English beef would cause the foreigner to marvel: but, grieved am I to say, in latter years we have degenerated."

"This surpriseth me. To what can you ascribe this falling off?"

"To vanity. We grow too proud to imitate our wise progenitors. In good

King Edward's reign, the peasant dared not to think of rearing his son, but to that industry to which himself was bred. Thus we had ever labourers in abundance; but now, our saucy clowns must make their youth more potent than themselves, and every now and then, forsooth, we find the ploughman's son has left his father's cot, to come back some day, and make the village stare at the spruce loriomer or upstart fletcher."

"Was not this," enquired Huss, "formerly the case? It seemeth but natural that man should labour to advance his offspring, and, addicted as the English are to commerce, it doth not move my wonder that enterprises like those of which you speak, should frequently be made in this land of freedom."

"Such licentiousness," returned the English patriot, "hath not always been permitted, nor hath it now the sanction of our laws. But, sad is the truth which I must speak, the laws are not enforced (save those which favour the abominations of the church) with sufficient vigour. Eight or nine years since, a show was made of reviving the old statute, and it was re-enacted, 'that no man or woman, of whatsoever state or condition they might be, should put their son or daughter, (I repeat to you the very words of the said statute,) 'of whatsoever age he or she may be, to serve as an apprentice to no craft or labour, within any city or borough within the realm, unless they have rent or land to the value of twenty shillings at the least.'"

What a change has taken place in the British metropolis will be evident, when it is observed that the following is a correct description of Saffron Hill and its neighbourhood, at the opening of the fifteenth century. Whittington is pointing out to the Bohemian the Priory of Clerkenwell, and the celebrated spring at which the parish clerks enacted moralities and mysteries:—

"But," said Whittington, recurring to his favourite topic, "is not this a delightful scene, and doth it not command a view of many pleasing objects? Lower down, those tall elms mark the spot where the Skinners' well is found, where that craft do repair to enact, at times, mysteries of their own, after the manner of the parish-clerks. How noble looketh the vast square tower of Paul's, which seemeth lord over all the neighbouring churches, whose tops are now seen. How gay is this hill which we now stand upon, and what a beauteous verdure decketh, late as the season is, that which holds the priory on its summit!—Then, further south, mark you another noble building! That is the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and leading from it, citywards, behold the mills which belong to the fraternity, and which are worked by means of that brook which windeth along in the valley. Turn-mill brook it is called, and you may almost see it join

the river of Wells, while the Old-bourne is hastening from the west to meet and unite with it. Then near the place of their junction, ye must observe a mighty edifice adorned with much modern workmanship and cunning. That standeth hard by the Old-burne, and is the palace of the Bishop of Ely. It was thus handsomely set forth by Bishop Arundel, when he did fill that see. Looking at so costly a pile, and its spacious gardens, and at the other objects which I have turned your eyes to, and contemplating these shady retreats, while ye survey at so small distance the whole extent of London, say have ye often seen an eminence commanding in its prospect so much of the gallant magnificence of art, and possessing in itself so largely the marvellous beauties of nature, as this same right famous Saffron Hill!"

The place on which they stood, at that period merited the praises which it received from the admiring Whittington, and the smiling village of Holborn or Oldburne, as seen from it, built irregularly, but beautifully diversified with gardens attached to the houses—adorned with arbors, May-poles, and grottos, was most interesting. The meadows appropriated to the exercise of archery, provided with butts, and seats for the umpires, heightened the variety and compelled Huss to admire, not less than his friend did, the surrounding scenery.

There is an excellent description of a procession to a tournament in Smithfield, and a curious account of solemn penance performed at St. Dunstan's Church; but we hurry away from these (though both admirable) to get to a lord mayor's dinner and a game at skittles (excuse our vulgar taste); that lord mayor was no less a personage than Sir Richard Whittington; dinner—no, we are wrong; it was eleven o'clock when Huss and his friend arrived at the house, and the lord mayor had dined, but the remains of an elegant dinner was still on the table:—

That which most particularly captivated the old gentlemen was the appearance of part of a sea-hog, or porpus, which at that period enjoyed a reputation quite as high as salmon or turbot can pretend to now. A dish of seal's flesh stood near it, and besides roast beef, a peacock just served up, which the knight had not had time to attack, smoked on the well-supplied board, which was further garnished with custards, both cold and hot, together with a jug of ale, a flask of Gascony wine, and a bowl of Ipocras.

"I trow, my worthy brother," said Whittington, "looked for some of his city compatriots to dine with him to-day, seeing he has provided so much more than might have sufficed for his own people. My appetite is somewhat keen, and being fond of fish I purposed asking for a baconed herring, as if I had been at home,

but truly this sea-hog is more dainty fare. Wilt have a platter full? 'Tis passing good, and I perceive the sauce is that I like with dolphin, well stored with oysters."

Edward declined eating any.

"Take you some seal, then, which, after the porpus, is the most delicate fish that swims, which have good substance. These are luxuries we of the country seldom can enjoy, for if we get fish of the sea, or oysters, in Leicestershire, being so long journeying, they either gain a flavour which is not delicious, or lose that which should belong to them. Therefore, to taste such things a week newer than we can have them brought to us from London, is no mean treat, but even as good to me as a slice from one of my finest muttons, killed fresh from the pasture, is to my brother."

Pressed to eat by Mr. Whittington, Edward took a small part of the peacock. His friend made an excellent meal on the porpus, after which Whittington invited Edward to accompany him to Sir Richard's *skittle-court*.

The modern medical proverb, "After dinner rest awhile," had not then gained much credit, and Whittington, having eaten with good appetite, conceived a little exercise to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of health. He therefore, on finishing his flask of Gascony, courted the amusement of *skittles*, which at that period was not discountenanced by those who prided themselves on polite accomplishments.

But the game of skittles, as then played, differed essentially from that which constitutes the amusement of the industrious classes of the present day. The skittle-court of Sir Richard was a square enclosure, in the centre of which a large frame of the same shape was laid down. About a foot within this frame, the pins were ranged in three rows. These, ludicrous as it must sound, represented the three branches of the British constitution, king, lords, and commons. Such were the names given to the skittles, and in knocking them down, they counted according to their rank. The king pin still retains its name and station, and part but not all of its original glory in the modern game. It stood in the centre, decorated with the representation of a crown, and was three inches taller than the four corner skittles, nobles as they were called, which surpassed in the same degree the commons, or skittles placed at the edge of the frame between the corners. The nobles had small round heads—the commons lacking such distinction. Whenever the king fell the player scored five. Each noble contributed three towards his game, a commoner gave but two.

"I judge," said the brother of the proprietor, "you have been too much occupied with other studies to be a proficient in the healthful game of skittles, but I will soon instruct you: throw not up to the skittles, but let your

bowl fall on the outer frame, and bound forward to one of the nobles, which shall carry the king, and perchance, one or more of the commons; but I can tell you all in two goodly verses which I made when I was young, and which, both for sound and sense, were thought not unworthy of being oft rehearsed.

"Bowl strong, the frame withouten hit, and miss the same within;  
"The king, four lords, and commons four,  
the game will quickly bring."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Bridal of Caölchairn; and other Poems.* By John Hay Allan, Esq. 8vo. pp. 344. London, 1822.

We have seldom encountered a poem with a more unpromising and unharmonious name than the Bridal of Caölchairn, and, certainly, whatever Mr. Allan may possess in common with his countryman, Sir Walter Scott, he has not that happy talent of christening his bantlings which distinguishes that celebrated bard. It may, perhaps, be said, that a man of true genius would disdain the adventitious aid a popular name might give his productions; and we certainly think that a work of real merit would triumph over any prejudice as to its name, as real worth would over a disadvantageous personal appearance; but, in both instances, there are prejudices to be overcome, which might as well be avoided. We remember when Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming' and Lord Byron's 'Giaour' appeared, they neither of them were so much talked of in company as they otherwise would have been, among numerous classes of society, on account of the doubts which were entertained as to the pronunciation of their titles. It will, perhaps, be said, that we are hypercritical; and we must run another hazard of a second imputation of that nature, when we express our regret at some instances of quaint phraseology, and the affected manner in which this work has been printed, with the figures at the foot instead of the top of the page.

Now, that the most disagreeable part of our task is over, we, with great pleasure, express the gratification which Mr. Allan's poems yielded us. The 'Bridal of Caölchairn,' the principal poem in the volume, is a legendary tale of much interest, the scene of which is laid at the Castle of Caölchairn, in Scotland. There is a good deal of poetic beauty in this poem, with some charming touches of pathos. 'The Last Deer of Beann Doran' is also a poem of considerable merit; but

we confess ourselves best pleased with some of Mr. Allan's miscellaneous pieces, particularly his songs and ballads, three of which we shall select:—

'THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.'

'Tis sweet to list on the evening hill  
When the minstrel's harp is ringing;  
'Tis sweet to list in the greenwood still  
When maves and merle are singing:  
But sweeter to me is the bugle blast  
When the hunter's steed is neighing,  
And dearer to me is the falcon cast  
When the hounds are blythely baying.  
'My Allan's kirtle is Lincoln green,  
His bonnet is Kelso blue;  
His falcon is white, and his shaft is sheen,  
And his bow of the good red yew;  
And ever the stag in Ettrick wood,  
And hern at the Tiviot's spring,  
May rue when he slips the goss-hawk hood,  
Or draws the grey goose wing.  
'Full dear is the Lincoln green to me,  
And sweet is the winding horn;  
And well I love the greenwood tree,  
Where the dew hangs bright at morn.  
And merry to dwell by the forest side  
Where the dun deer bells at e'en,  
And blyther to be the hunter's bride,  
Than a ladye in silken sheen.'

'Ah! who can feel the bursting sigh,  
And tell what vainly words endeavour!  
Ah! who can know the anguish high,  
When youthful bosoms part for ever!

'This cheek had rested upon thine,  
This heart hath on thy bosom beat;  
This hand hath sped thy clasp to join,  
This eye in thine hath melted sweet.

'My cheek rests on the cold grey stone,  
My heart hath lived from thine to sever;  
My hand but holds this ringlet lone,  
Mine eye hath seen thee part for ever

'I've gazed upon yon moon's pale trace,  
To mark thy hour of absence wane,  
And still I look upon her face,  
But ne'er shall look for thee again.

'I've listed for thy footfall light,  
When the red stars were dimly burning;  
And yet I listen to the night,  
But ne'er shall hear thy step returning.

'My head ere eve is weary soon,  
My fluttering heart is sick and chill,  
My heavy eyes are dim at noon,  
My footsteps fail upon the hill.'

'DESPAIR.'

'There is a joy in grief when peace dwells within the heart of the sad; but sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar, and their days are few.'—OSSIAN.

'There is a grief which ne'er doth speak,  
And woe which ne'er by tongue was told;  
And, though the swelling heart should break,  
A sigh might ne'er its pangs unfold.

'Pale is its look in awful calm,  
The faded lip in sadness prest,  
And not a tear's dissolving balm  
Speaks the deep sorrow of the breast.

'Though to its soul with anguish riven,  
No tie, no friend is left but heaven;  
Yet in the fixed despairing eye  
Is marked a dread tranquillity.

'But though so silent and so still,  
All is ruin within the breast;  
And that dark calm endurance chill,  
Tells of a mortal woe supprest.'

'And hope's last fluttering feeble spark,  
Quench'd in despair so deep, so dark,  
No friend may sooth, no voice may cheer,  
The soul's calm horror, cold and drear.'

The author has added some curious and interesting notes to one or two of the principal poems, illustrative of some passages which required explanation.

■ *Description of the Shetland Islands, comprising the Account of their Geology, Scenery, Antiquities, and Superstitions.* By Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. E. &c. 4to. pp. 616. Edinburgh.

ALTHOUGH the scientific character of Dr. Hibbert's work may appear to be its principal feature, and was, we have no doubt, intended as such, yet we have no hesitation in selecting from it such passages only as are likely to interest the general reader; and these consist in a minute description of the scenery and antiquities of islands which have not occupied a large portion of literary attention; and an account of the superstitions which have acquired a new interest since the publication of the 'Pirate.' We ought, however, in justice to the author, to say that, in the more learned portion of his work, he discovers an intimate acquaintance with his subject, and relates many facts in geology highly useful to aid that youthful but rapidly-advancing science.

The superstitions of Shetland form a prominent feature in this volume, and Dr. Hibbert collects a great deal of information respecting them, tracing their origin to the theology of the ancient Scandinavians. When christianity was introduced into Shetland, a belief in the existence of gods, giants, and dwarfs, still remained, with this qualification only, that they were fallen angels of various ranks, belonging to the kingdom of darkness, who, in their degraded state, had been compelled to take up their abode in mountains, springs, or seas. Thus there are innumerable stories told of trows, or dwarfs, with which their imaginations have peopled these districts. Among the superstitions of the Shetlanders respecting the trows, we shall only notice the following:—

'The Trows are addicted to the abstraction of the human species, in whose place they leave effigies of living beings named Changelings, the unholy origin of whom is known by their mental imbecility or by some wasting disease. Although visits for such a purpose are to be particularly dreaded at midnight and at noon, yet, to child-bed women who may be de-

signed for wet-nurses to some fairy infant of quality, the latter hour is, as in certain Asiatic countries, by far the most formidable. On this account, it is still a point of duty not to leave, in so fearful an hour, mothers who give suck; but, like pious St. Basil, to pray that the influence of the demon of noon may be averted. Children, also, are taken away to the hills, in order to be play-fellows to the infant offspring of the Trows; on which occasion, all the lamentable effects have been produced that have been so well depicted by an elegant poet of Scotland, in his address to the muse of the Highlands:—

“Then wake (for well thou canst,) that wondrous lay,  
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,  
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,  
And bear the smiling infant far away:  
How starts the nurse, when, for her lovely child,  
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!  
O, snatch the innocent from demons wild,  
And save the parents fond from fell despair.”

When an impression prevails that any child-bed women or infants, pining away with disease, or betraying a mental fatuity, are beings of a “base elfin breed,” substituted by the Trows, in the place of those whom they may have taken into the hills, no inducement can persuade a family, labouring under such a persuasion, to afford the objects of commiseration entrusted to their care the attention which their situation demands. Nor, on such melancholy occasions, are there wanting persons who pretend to the power of entering the caves of the fairies, and of restoring the human beings who may be immured in them, to their friends. A warlock of the parish of Walls is said to have amassed a considerable sum of money by assuming such an influence over the demons of the hills; his success being denoted by the apparent recovery of child-bed women or children from the disease under which they had laboured.

When the limb of a Shetlander is affected with paralysis, a suspicion often arises that it has been either touched by evil spirits, or that the sound member has been abstracted, and an insensible mass of matter substituted in its place. A tailor now living reports, that he was employed to work in a farm-house where there was an idiot, who was supposed to be a being left by the Trows, in the place of some individual that had been taken into the hills. One night, when the visitor had just retired to his bed, leaving the changling asleep by the fire-side, he was startled by the sound of music; at the same time, a large company of fairies entered the room, and began to bestir themselves in a festive round. The idiot suddenly jumped up, and, in joining their gambols, showed a familiarity with the movements of the dance, that none but a supernatural inhabitant of the hills could be supposed to possess. The observer grew alarmed and *sained* himself; upon hearing which, all the elves immediately fled in most admired disorder; but one of

the party, a female, more disconcerted than the rest at this inhospitable interruption to their sports, touched the tailor's big toe as she left the room, when he lost the power of ever afterwards moving that joint.’

It is not merely to the land-fancied inhabitants of their mountains that the superstitions of the Shetlanders are confined, since they have formed similar conjectures as to the submarine world, some of the inhabitants of which, such as mermen, were, in the later periods of christianity, regarded as fallen angels, who were compelled to take refuge in the seas; and hence they had the name of sea-trows given to them:—

‘ Of mermen and merwomen many strange stories are told. Beneath the depths of the ocean, an atmosphere exists adapted to the respiring organs of certain beings, resembling in form the human race, who are possessed of surpassing beauty, of limited supernatural powers, and liable to the incident of death. They dwell in a wide territory of the globe far below the region of fishes, over which the sea, like the cloudy canopy of our sky, loftily rolls, and they possess habitations constructed of the pearly and coraline productions of the ocean. Having lungs not adapted to a watery medium, but to the nature of atmospheric air, it would be impossible for them to pass through the volume of waters that intervenes between the submarine and supramarine world, if it were not for the extraordinary power that they inherit, of entering the skin of some animal capable of existing in the sea, which they are enabled to occupy by a sort of demoniacal possession. One shape that they put on is that of an animal human above the waist, yet terminating below in the tail and fins of a fish, but the most favourite form is of the larger seal or haaffish; for, in possessing an amphibious nature, they are enabled not only to exist in the ocean, but to land on some rock, where they frequently lighten themselves of their sea-dress, resume their proper shape, and, with much curiosity, examine the nature of the upper world belonging to the human race. Unfortunately, however, each merman or merwoman possesses but one skin, enabling the individual to ascend the seas, and if, on visiting the abode of man, the garb should be lost, the hapless being must unavoidably become an inhabitant of our earth.’

‘ As the green-haired denizens of the ocean are mortal, the visits that they pay the upper world are not always unattended with peril. On the authority of Brand, it appears that, in making their way through the ocean, there was much danger in their being entangled among the meshes spread out for taking herring; in which case they were certain to obtain a sound beating from the fishermen. It often happened, therefore, that they would

contrive to break through the nets, or, to the vexation of the Shetlanders, bear them away. Sometimes, however, a more disastrous fate attended these beings. A damsel who, in swimming through the intermediate expanse of the ocean, had assumed the peculiar half-fishy form, under which a mermaid in her disguise very frequently appears, was caught by a ling-hook that had been laid, which, from the narrative of Brand, appears to have entered her chin, and come out at her upper lip. When she was brought to the side of the boat, one of the crew fearing that her appearance denoted mischief, took out his knife, and stabbed her to the heart;—the luckless mermaiden fell backwards, emitted a mournful cry, and disappeared for ever. The murderer never afterwards prospered in his affairs, but, until his death, was haunted by an old merman, who continually upbraided him with the crime he had committed. But the greatest danger to which these rangers of the sea seem liable, are from the mortal hurts that they receive, upon taking on themselves the form of the larger seals or haaffish; for, when shot under this shape, the blood no sooner issues forth from the wound, and mixes with the ocean's brine, than it possesses the supernatural power of causing an awful swell and break of the sea, in the vicinity of the spot where the victim, from a sense of the pain inflicted, has been seen to dive.’

\* \* \* \* \*

‘ Sometimes mermen and merwomen have formed connubial attachments with the human race. A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of these beings dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strewed beside them on the ground. At his approach they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and, taking upon themselves the form of seals, plunged immediately into the sea. But as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment. On returning to the shore, he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes, lamenting the robbery, by which she should become an exile from her submarine friends, and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property; the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable,—but offered her protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The merlady, perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange connubial attachment subsisted for many years, and several children were the fruits of it, who retained no farther marks of their origin than in the resemblance which a sort of web between their fingers and a particular bend of their hands, bore to the fore feet of a seal,—this peculiarity being possessed by the descendants of the family at the present day. The Shet-

lander's love for his merwife was unbound-ed; but his affection was coldly returned. The lady would often steal alone to the desertstrand, and, on a signal being given, a large seal would make his appearance, with whom she would hold, in an unknown tongue, an anxious conference. Years had thus glided away, when it happened that one of the children, in the course of his play, found, concealed beneath a stack of corn, a seal's skin, and, delighted with the prize, ran with it to his mother. Her eyes glistened with rapture,—she gazed upon it as her own,—as the means by which she could pass through the ocean that led to her native home,—she burst forth into an ecstasy of joy, which was only moderated when she beheld her children, whom she was now about to leave, and, after hastily embracing them, fled with all speed towards the sea-side. The husband immediately returned, learned the discovery that had taken place, ran to overtake his wife, but only arrived in time to see her transformation of shape completed,—to see her, in the form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large animal of the same kind, with whom she had held a secret converse, soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her, in the most tender manner, on her escape. But, before she dived to unknown depths, she cast a parting glance at the wretched Shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration. "Farewell," said she to him, "and may all good attend you. I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better."

But, quitting the regions of superstition and romance, we shall quote, in conclusion, Dr. Hibbert's account of the destruction of a shoal of whales that had entered Yell Sound. Females and boys, on hearing the news, issued from the cottages in every direction, making the hills reverberate with joyful exclamations of the event:—

The fishermen armed themselves with a rude sort of harpoon, formed from long iron-pointed spits;—they hurried to the strand, launched their boats, and, at the same time, stored the bottom of them with loose stones. Thus was a large fleet of yawls soon collected from various points of the coast, which proceeded towards the entrance of the Sound. Some slight irregular ripples among the waves shewed the place where a shoal of whales were advancing. They might be seen sporting on the surface of the ocean for at least a quarter of an hour, disappearing, and rising again to blow. The main object was to drive them upon the sandy shore of Hamna Voe, and it was evident that the animals, with their enemy in their rear, were taking this direction. Most of the boats were ranged in a semicircular form, being at the distance of about fifty yards from the animals. A few skiffs,

however, acted as a force of reserve, keeping at some little distance from the main body, so that they might be in readiness to intercept the whales, should they change their course. The sable herd appeared to follow certain leaders, who, it was soon feared, were inclined to take any other route than that which led to the shallows on which they might ground. Immediately the detached crews rowed with all their might, in order to drive back the fugitives, and, by means of loud cries and large stones thrown into the water, at last succeeded in causing them to resume their previous course. In this temporary diversion from the shore, the van of the boats was thrown into confusion; and it was a highly interesting scene to witness the dexterity with which the Shetlanders handled their oars, and took up a new semicircular position in rear of the whales. Again the fish hesitated to proceed into the inlet, and again a reserve of boats intercepted them in their attempt to escape, while a fresh line of attack was assumed by the main body of the pursuers. It was thus that the whales were, at length, compelled to enter the harbour of Hamna Voe. Then did the air resound with the shouts that were set up by the boatmen, while stones were flung at the terrified animals, in order to force them upon the sandy shore of a small creek; but before this object could be effected, the whales turned several times, and were as often driven back. None of them, however, were yet struck with the harpoon; for if they were to feel themselves wounded in deep water, they would, at all hazards, betake themselves to the open sea. The leaders of the drove soon began to ground, emitting, at the same time, a faint murmuring cry, as if for relief; the sand at the bottom of the bay was disturbed, and the water was losing its transparency. The shoal of whales which followed increased, as they struck the shore, the muddiness of the bay;—they madly rolled about, irresolute from the want of leaders, uncertain of their course, and so greatly intimidated by the shouts of the boatmen and the stones that were thrown into the water, as to be easily prevented from regaining the ocean. Crowds of natives of each sex and of all ages were anxiously collected on the banks of the Voe, hailing with loud acclamations the approach of these visitants from the northern seas;—and then began the work of death. Two men, armed with sharp iron spits, rushed breast-high into the water, and seizing each a fin of the nearest whale, bore him unresistingly along to the shallowest part of the shore. One of the deadly foes of this meekest of the inhabitants of the sea deliberately lifted up a fin, and beneath it plunged into the body of the animal the harpoon that he grasped, so as to reach the large vessels of the heart. A long state of insensibility followed, succeeded by the most dreadful convulsions; the animal lashed the water with his tail, and deluged the land

for a considerable distance; another death-like pause ensued, throes still fainter and fainter were repeated with shorter intermissions, until at length the victim lay motionless on the strand. The butchers afterwards set off in a different direction, being joined by other persons assuming the same functions. Female whales, appearing, by their hasty and uncertain course, to have been wrested from their progeny, and sucklings, no less anxiously in pursuit of those from whose breasts they had received their nutriment, were severally arrested in their pursuit by the relentless steel of the harpooner. Numerous whales which had received their death-wound soon lined the bay, while others at a great distance were rolling about among the muddy and crimsoned waves, doubtful whether to flee, and appearing like oxen to wait the turn of their slaughterer. Wanton boys and females, in their anxiety to take a share of the massacre, might be observed to rankle with new tortures the gaping wound that had been made, while, in their blood-thirsty exultation, they appeared to surpass those whose more immediate business it was to expedite the direful business. At length the sun set upon a bay that seemed one sheet of blood: not a whale was allowed to escape; and the strand was strewed over with carcasses of all sizes, measuring from six to twenty feet, and amounting to not fewer than the number of eighty.'

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*A Journey from Merut, in India, to London, through Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Georgia, Russia, Austria, Switzerland, and France, during the years 1819 and 1820; with a Map and Itinerary of the Route. By Lieutenant Thomas Lumsden, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. 8vo. pp. 284. London, 1822.*

A NARRATIVE of a journey of upwards of nine thousand miles, compressed into less than three hundred pages, proves that, whatever Lieut. Lumsden may know, he is quite ignorant of the science of book-making. Our modern tourists, such as Sir Robert Ker Porter, Mr. Buckingham, or Mr. Burghell, (not the friend of Dr. Primrose, but a certain traveller of that name, to whom we shall, ere long, pay our respects,) would, at least, have given a page to each league travelled, and made half a dozen bulky quartos out of such a journey; and if the traveller should have been a scion of a royal house, unskilled in the *ars longa*\*, he might, perhaps, have been fortunate enough to meet with some conductor of a periodical who would perform the part of accoucheur, and bring forth the hopeful offspring of a due size and proportions.

\* Qu. Longuemanū?

Lieut. Lumsden has, however, evidently neither written for bread nor fame, and, consequently, his work is less bulky and less polished than it might otherwise have been; but, however defective it may be deemed in the collateral aid of gazetteers, geographies, and scraps from previous tourists, it is a real narrative of a journey, of the greatest extent and the most importance—of an overland route, actually performed, and unadorned by any artificial or spurious embellishments.

The title-page is the most faulty part of this work, as it professes too much, including countries which the author scarcely touched, and others of which his narrative possesses no interest; it should, indeed, be considered as an itinerary rather than a journal, and to such travellers as may wish to avail themselves of the peaceful disposition which now prevails in Europe, in following an overland route from India to England, it must be of considerable service.

Our traveller left Merut, a British cantonment, about 1200 miles northwest of Calcutta, on the 3d of October, 1819, in company with Lieut. Cameron, and proceeded towards the latter place. At Lucknow he paid a visit to Constantia, a house built by the late General Claude Martin, which, he says, is one of the most extraordinary edifices that ever was built:—

“It is said to have cost 150,000l. sterling. Its shape I cannot exactly define; and it would be rather a difficult matter to convey any adequate idea of the place altogether without a plan or drawings. Some of the rooms are handsome, and the walls and ceilings covered with a profusion of ornaments. The piazzas of the lower floor are laid with marble, and decorated with many statues and medallions.

“The exterior of the building is covered with figures of lions, and of men and women of all nations, in a great variety of attitudes. The whole is surmounted by a kind of crown, with a flag-staff on the top of it. From the staff you have a fine view of part of Lucknow, his Majesty's palaces, and of the winding river Goomty, running through a well-wooded and fertile country. There is not a piece of wood in the whole building of Constantia. The roofing consists of domes and arches; and, were they less gaudy, the interior decorations of some of the former are particularly rich and beautiful. In a vault under the house we were shown the tomb of General Martin, with an inscription on a marble slab, in nearly the following terms:

“Here lie the remains of Major-General Claude Martin, who was born at Lyons in 1733, arrived in India a private soldier, and died at Lucknow in the year 1800; “PRAY FOR HIS SOUL!”

At the head of the tomb there is a bust of the general; and, at the corners, figures of sepoys as large as life, and in full uniform, with their arms reversed.

General Martin is said to have been a man of great genius, and very charitable. He left 50,000 rupees, (6000l.) the interest of which was directed to be distributed daily among the poor of Lucknow; the same sum, for the like purpose, to his native city, Lyons; and also the same to St. John's Church, Calcutta.

When Lieut. Lumsden reached Calcutta, he embarked for Bombay; when he reached the latter place, he visited the Cave Temples of Elephanta, of which he quotes the following account from an article on the subject by Mr. Erskine, printed in the Researches of the Bombay Literary Society:—

“The entrance into this temple, which is entirely hewn out of stone, resembling porphyry, is by a spacious front, supported by two massive pillars and two pilasters, forming three openings under a thick and steep rock, overhung by brushwood and wild shrubs.

“The long ranges of columns that appear closing in perspective on every side, the flat roof of solid rock that seems to be prevented from falling only by the massive pillars, whose capitals are pressed down and flattened as if by the superincumbent weight, the darkness that obscures the interior of the temple, which is dimly lighted only by the entrances, and the gloomy appearance of the gigantic stone figures ranged along the wall, and hewn, like the whole temple, out of the living rock, joined to the strange uncertainty that hangs over the place—carry the mind back to distant periods, and impress it with that kind of uncertain religious awe, with which the grander works of ages of darkness are generally contemplated.

“The Great Temple is about 130½ feet long from north to south, and 133 feet broad from east to west; it had originally 26 pillars, and 16 pilasters; eight of the former are now broken, and neither the floor nor the roof being on one plane, it varies in height from 15 to 17½ feet.”

Mr. Erskine concludes, from the sculptures, that this temple must be the work of the Brahminical, the most ancient of the three Hindoo sects, and is dedicated to Shira, the destructive deity. Many of the figures, with their drapery and ornaments, are beautifully cut in the rock, but some are of gigantic stature, measuring 15 feet in height, and frightfully ugly.”

At Bombay, our author embarked for Bushire, in Persia, touching at Muskat, in his way. From Bushire, he proceeded by Ispahan and Tabreez, visiting the Prince of Shiraz, the Persian Prince Abbas Mirza, and examining the ruins of Persepolis in his route. Nothing very re-

markable occurred to our travellers in their journey through Persia and Georgia; when at Togomong, on the banks of the sea of Azof, our author saw a fair, at which herds of horses are brought in by the Calmuck Tartars, quite wild. He says:—

“I had an opportunity of witnessing the astonishing expertness of a Tartar, in taking one of these horses out of a herd. A man in the fair wished to purchase a particular horse, and the Tartar rode up to the herd. He had a long rope with a running noose upon it, which he threw over the head of the animal, and caught him round the neck; this the horse no sooner felt, than he set off, as hard as he could gallop, through the fair, the Tartar holding by the other end of the rope, until he found the horse had the speed of the one on which he was mounted, when he was compelled to quit his hold, but still continued to chase; and the horse led him a long circuit around the outside of the fair. At last, after many twistings and turnings, the man came within the length of the rope again, when, with much agility, he stooped down and caught hold of it, after which he pushed the horse, until he evidently became a good deal blown; then, giving the rope a turn round his thigh, he gave the beast such a jerk, that it nearly choked him, and brought him at once to a stand. There was an immense number of horses standing in herds. They are the property of Cossacks; and the Tartars are only allowed to keep a few for themselves, for their trouble in taking care of them. The horses thus bred are first picked by the agents of the government for the Russian army; and the pick costs about 200 rubles a horse, or 8l. 6s. 8d. sterling. Those horses, which are not wanted for the army, or for the Cossacks themselves, are sold in this fair on an average at half the above rate.

The Calmuck Tartars resemble much the Indian Goorcahs, both in face and figure. They have exactly their square countenances and very small feet: they appear cheerful good-humoured fellows. The women of the Tartars wear their hair in two plats, put into bags on each side of the head; and several of them had red leather boots up to their knees. I have seen some of their houses, which are circular, made of sticks, and covered with clothes. They have a door in one side, and a hole in the roof for the emission of smoke. I am told, that when a stranger stops at one of their habitations, it is the duty of the lady of the house to take his horse from him, and take every care of the animal. She also holds the stirrup when he mounts to depart. At the fair of Toganrog, merchandize of every sort, and cattle of all kinds, are exposed for sale. There are two fairs annually, one in the month of May, and the other being the grand fair at this period.”

The waste lands between Odessa and Mosdok, our traveller thinks,

would do well as a settlement for English farmers:—

'Nothing requires to be done but to make a well, and set your ploughs to work, instead of being obliged to sink a fortune in preparing the land for the share. The chief expense would be the building of houses, as it might be requisite to bring the wood from a considerable distance. The species of property, which constitutes the riches of a Russian nobleman, appears strange enough at first to a man little acquainted with the state of that vast empire. For example, in talking of a certain count, they say, "he is a very rich man, he has at least 25,000 men on his estates," i. e. he can command a portion of the labour of that number of *men*; for women and children are not reckoned. Another source of wealth to the proprietor of an estate, arises from his monopoly of spirits, the profits arising from all consumed within the estate being solely his. Were such a monopoly enjoyed by the Highland lairds of Scotland, their income would be augmented very considerably. But it will, no doubt, be said that this practice gives the proprietor such a direct interest in the encouragement of intemperance and immorality, that it is surprising the Russians of the present day should allow it. We should, however, recollect that, in Britain and her colonies, a system exists which, I fear, has as strong a tendency to demoralize the lower orders. But I must not so far quit my proper path on the present occasion, as to enter on speculations touching the policy or expediency of the excise laws, as they now exist. The poor Russian who gets most children, and drinks most spirits, is the best subject of the noble; by the former the estate becomes more valuable, (none being allowed to quit it,) and, by the latter, he makes an immediate return to the coffers of the castle.'

Speaking of Odessa, Lieut. Lumsden says:—

'In the evening we attended the *noble* assembly, where all the beauty and fashion of Odessa were assembled, consisting of the governor-general, Count Launjerons, counts and countesses I know not how many, one prince, and many general officers. There were many fine girls in the room; the company were well dressed, and a good band of music attended. The ball commenced by a quick march of ladies and gentlemen, of all ages, in pairs around the room; the Count Launjerons at the head, leading a countess, who had been separated from her husband for some time; after a turn or two, the gentlemen dropped the hands of the ladies in the middle of the room, and they were allowed to find their chairs as they best could; but had hardly done so, when other gentlemen came up and handed them to another promenade. After thus marching about for some time, they stood up to a country dance, which they went through, I thought, very indifferently, and without

either life or grace. The country dances were followed by waltzing in a style superior to any I had ever seen. What twisting and twirling! no want of life now! the ladies displayed their forms, and seemed to dance with uncommon spirit. The Polonese dance came next, and I thought it a very pretty one, though there is a great deal of waltzing in it, which I look upon in such a light, that I hope never to see any lady in whom I am interested engaged in such a dance.'

From Odessa our traveller pursued a route, sufficiently well known, by Lemberg, Cracow, and Olmutz, to Vienna, &c., all which towns, with every day's journey, and the distance in miles travelled during each day, are distinctly noticed in his Itinerary, which we consider the most valuable part of the work, the descriptive notices being too brief to possess much interest.

*Picturesque Travels in Asia, Africa, America, &c.; containing a Description of the different Countries, their Inhabitants, Dress, Manners, and Customs. With a Variety of interesting Anecdotes.* 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 360. Edinburgh, 1822.

WHILE we devote prompt and marked attention to those bulky and expensive volumes of travels, which, however valuable, are far beyond the reach of many readers, we think it an act of duty to our juvenile friends to recommend to their particular notice two interesting little volumes, which, though in the form of school-books and published at a very small price, contain some very pleasing and instructive sketches, both narrative and descriptive. The anecdotes are well selected and interesting, and the twenty-four wood-cuts, with which the work is embellished, are much superior to those we generally find in books devoted to youth.

### Original Communications.

#### FEASTING AND FASTING. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'Their fare dispatch'd, the hungry band  
Invade their trenches next and soon devour.'—

ÆN. VII. 155.

ACCORDING to the records of antiquity, the Jews, at stated periods, were as exact in the keeping of feasts as they were in the observance of fasts. The Greeks and Romans followed their example, modified by national custom and popular tenets of faith. Feasting was considered as the fruition of joy; fasting, as the atonement for peculiar bereavement, and an emphatic adoption of repentance and sorrow. In the

year 1822, there remains but a small proportion of feasting and fasting, in England, on account of national or doctrinal considerations. Jews, Pupists, and Christians, appear to be more united on these points, and, taking a more liberal and enlightened view of moral codes, act in conformity with what is rational, rather than create schism by adhering too strictly to the injunctions of the patriarchal and primitive ages. A pleasing association presents itself to the mind that contemplates a feast. The bustle of the females to prepare themselves trimly and suitably, if they intend to go to the place and time appointed, is inspiring to their nature; or if they, in turn, expect to receive their invited guests, every domestic is in active employment, and provisions are plentifully procured to make hospitality acceptable. Many nations feast at funerals; and cake and wine, in our best circles of civilized society, are supplied before and after the interment of a corpse\*. Feasts, in the houses of country-gentlemen and farmers and villagers, are, I fear, not so frequent and splendid as formerly; this is much to be lamented, because parties drawn together by the cords of kindred ties and friendly salutations, endear the passage of time. Parish-feasting is, perhaps, the most prevailing, and, many contend, the least necessary. But the feasting which, by modern usage, is denominated routs, is decidedly the most unnecessary and objectionable. Anniversaries, I think, are very conducive to promote harmony and good fellowship. A wedding-day, a christening, or a birth-day, brings its enjoyments; it is a kind of happy resting-place in time, in which, like Janus, the privileged inheritor can look back on the past, and hope forward that the future will be worth possessing. Citizens, of all other men, are the greatest promoters of feasting, and much let it redound to their credit that they still retain a disposition to cultivate sociality. Gaudentius says, 'that persons attended feasts in ancient days to inspect the guests, that none should disorder themselves by drinking too much, whence they were called the "eyes of the feast."'

\* Wakes, or country-feasts, were usually, if not always, observed on the Sunday next, or the saint's day to whom the parish-church is dedicated, and originated from a letter written by St. Gregory the Great to Melitus Abbot. They are called 'wakes,' because, on the vigils of those feasts, the people were wont to awake from sleep at the several vigils of the night.—*Bede's Eccl. Hist.*

officers were in use in the court of Abasuerus, and likewise among the Athenians. The learned Buxtorf, speaking of the decline of hospitality, even in his days, says, 'that a friend is the first day *oreach*, a guest; the second, *toreach*, a burden; and the third day, *barach*, a runagate.' But he commended their never-failing liberality by remembering the poor at their feasts, by sending them portions. This is worthy of practical continuance. When the guests departed, they were allowed to carry home nice things to their families. If report speak truly, this practice was most precisely attended to at the late coronation. Absent friends were also remembered by the Jews, and had portions sent them. This idea might be improved by the rich and avaricious, who have 'poor relations.' But, if they approached the feasts and were *not* favoured with the luxuries of the table, they drank of the cup of blessing, the cup of consolation, and, finally, of the cup of salvation.

P.

### Fine Arts.

#### CESSION OF PARGA,

By T. and A. Foggo.

THE opinions on this transaction are politically various. As a great public disaster to the expelled inhabitants, there can be but one opinion, upon which these gentlemen have gone in their picture. The inhabitants are buried at the place of sepulture in the examination of the remains of their kindred. How melancholy and earnest is the interest which may be excited by any representation of such a fact, need scarcely be hinted. Since the flight of Eneas with his family and household gods from burning Troy, there has been little in the occurrences of history, real or fictitious, to give us the same kind of anxiety. The painting directly identifies the characteristic facts, and works deeply on the reflections of the spectator. The high priest occupies an elevation in the centre; he is known, by his upraised hand and his eyes turned heavenward, to be impetrating the judgment and imploring the protection of a righteous God. Close to him is the blind and venerable seer, who had denounced the protection of the British, and now seems anxious to escape the dishonour of which he had vainly prophesied, by uncertain exile. Of all the compositions which have ever been witnessed—not having, like the Cartoons, the illusion of spiritual

inspiration to uphold their influence—this figure has the most of poetic rapture in it. The rigid and aged muscles of the face are almost fluttering with new life; the spirits are roused from their innermost recesses, and seen as if bursting a passage through the reluctant organs of expression. We shall not expatiate on the dreary work of disentombing and the agonies of kindred griefs which occupy the immediate foreground, nor on the preparation of the pile to receive and consume the remains. The artists have managed these points with a judicious forbearance of details, which proves that they are as chaste in the manner as they are zealous in the morality of their design. A groupe, in exceedingly fine keeping of deportment, physiognomy, occupation, and mental habitude, is that of the Suliotes on the left. There is a tone of contemplation in their looks, which evinces that, having triumphed over the weakness of their common nature so far as to set their hearts above the approach of calamity, they yet retain a sort of holy commiseration for the sufferers before them; they view them as beings uninitiated, who yet have a certainty of hateful experience to undergo. Above this groupe and onwards to nearly the middle of the canvass, are seen, amidst an agitated concourse, the English emissary receiving the resolute threat of the citizens in answer to his demand of immediate surrender. The circumstance is introduced to complete the history, and the personages engaged in it are not conspicuous. The misty and indefinite composition of the multitude, and the back ground which they occupy, with the appearance of earnest bustle in the front divisions, are greatly imagined and happily executed. Abating some instances of what may be deemed speculative drawing, wherein the symmetry, both in whole figures and in parts, may be brought into question, this is a standard historical picture. The design is unique and epic; the groupes are employed in episodical action, well conceived to aid the superior one. The composition of the superior agents is lofty; that of the high priest is a fine modification of the apostolic features in the works of the religious ages. The perspective is good in most of its relations, and the keeping is almost perfect. The colouring glows with a trifling degree of warmth and richness beyond the severe chasteness of Le Thiers, and the finish stands some-

where between the laboured obscurity of outline among the Italians, and the strict definition of it among the French. We have been told that these brothers, who have mingled their spirits so intimately in the work that the labour of neither is to be distinguished, were compelled to lay over the canvass as fast as they filled it, not having room enough to extend the whole surface at once. Perhaps no painter ever encountered such a difficulty and triumphed over it so perfectly. We pray for their good fortunes; of fame they are well nigh certain.

#### THE LADIES' MONUMENT IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

This colossal bronze statue, to receive which preparations are now making in Hyde Park, is cast from a mould made upon the sublime marble, generally attributed to the hand of Phidias; and which, since the papacy of Sextus V., has adorned the Quirinal Hill, at Rome. The horse which accompanies the original has been omitted, strong doubts being entertained whether it has not been an adjectment of a later age; for, although of considerable merit, its forms are not in unison with the grandeur of construction and heroic character of the man. The purpose for which this astonishing work was originally designed has never been satisfactorily ascertained; the most enlightened antiquaries of the present age imagine it to have been erected in honour of Achilles, and Mr. Westmacott, adopting that opinion, has armed him with a *parazonium* (a short sword) and shield. Great care and labour have been bestowed in restoring the surface of the work, which, in the original, has suffered greatly from its exposed situation; and the success which has attended the execution of this extraordinary enterprize, has happily achieved the preservation of the sublimest effort of human genius in art. The material employed in this stupendous work has chiefly been supplied from the cannon taken in the victories of the illustrious duke, in compliment to whom the statue is dedicated. It is the largest cast ever undertaken in this country, or, indeed, since the restoration of the art of casting in brass by Zenodius, now eighteen centuries since, the statue itself being twenty feet in height, and its weight nearly thirty-six tons. It will require no inconsiderable share of ingenuity to convey this ponderous statue from the artists' foundry in Pimlico to its pedestal of granite in Hyde Park, where its erection is expected to take

place in the course of five weeks.—  
*Morning Paper.*

The Royal Dublin Society have come to a resolution to commemorate the King's visit to that body, by erecting a full-sized statue in marble of his Majesty, represented in his robes of the Order of St. Patrick, as he appeared at the installation of that order, to be placed within the precincts of the Royal Dublin Society. It is to be executed by Mr. Behnes, from the bust lately sculptured by Mr. Chantry, and a picture painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

### Original Poetry.

#### LOVE'S VOYAGE.

Love and a maid went out to sea ;  
The moon shone fair and calm and bright,  
The bark flew swift and merrily  
Along the silver line of light  
Which track'd the dark green ocean-lea.  
They never thought the moon could go,  
Or angry winds beset the deep ;  
The moon goes down, the night winds blow,  
The maid, alarm'd, begins to weep,  
And Love grew cold and ceas'd to row.  
The maiden screams ! the bark is lost !  
'I like not this,' Love coldly cries,—  
Wave mounts on wave—the oars are lost !  
He spreads his wings—away he flies—  
The bark is wreck'd upon the coast.  
Just as the maid, to rise no more,  
Sank down, a voice was heard to sing,  
'If maidens needs will quit the shore,  
And Love, to cheer the way, will bring,  
Let Prudence come to pull the oar.' W. C.

#### TO THE SPRING.

With gentle breath and sudden show'rs  
Thy coming is foretold by thee—  
Like sighs and tears, for care like ours,  
When autumn bared each shrub and tree.  
And now the sun looks bright, and clear  
The sky he spreads his light upon,  
The leaves are budding, flow'rs appear,  
And e'en the wreck of winter's gone.  
The birds on every bough rejoice,  
And twitter while they shake their wings ;  
The thrush and blackbird full in voice,  
Pour forth to heav'n their carolings.  
The lark on high salutes the day,  
While on the turf, with panting breast,  
His mate sits list'ning to his lay,  
Or seeks for scraps to build her nest.  
In this sweet season of the year,  
All nature seems to 'wake and rise ;  
The bladed grass throws up its spear,  
O'er which the young breeze wailing flies.  
The trees their tresses waive to thee,  
On which the night her pearl has strung ;  
And waters break their bonds to be,  
Sweet spring !—thy healthy shrubs among.  
Oh ! thou wert ever dear to me,  
Although thy skies are wild with show'rs,  
That hang in stripes,—where distantly  
A trifling storm a moment low'rs.  
For how unlike the autumn, thou,  
Whose skies are glaring, bright, and clear,  
No shrubs before thee withering bow,  
No raging winds are roaring near !

While autumn, with her blighting breath  
And shrieking gusts and sudden show'rs,  
Makes winter's couch like one of death,—  
Of wither'd leaves instead of flow'rs !  
Thy mild and renovating winds  
Come gently o'er the dewy earth ;  
And summer naught but roses finds,  
Like her, just bursting into birth !  
How many a heart, as pure as thee,  
Thou lovely and inspiring spring !  
Has sunk into eternity  
Since last thy cheeks were blossoming :  
And many an one, ere thou has left  
Thy leaves to darken in the sun,  
Of hope and every joy bereft,  
With thine, will their career have run !  
How like to thee our time is past,  
Without one thought of what we are,—  
Each hour we breathe may be our last,  
And yet our pleasures naught can mar.  
Our days each other fast succeed,—  
Of life, the spring and summer fly,—  
When autumn shakes us like a reed,  
And winter sees us strengthless die.  
Thou lovely and inspiring spring,  
Symbol of life and love and joy,  
Pursue thy course on fleeting wing,—  
Adorning earth thy time employ,  
Till summer from her leafy bow'r  
Comes forth to hail thee, fresh and fair,  
With many a blushing dewy flow'r  
Twin'd in the ringlets of her hair !

WILFORD.

### The Drama.

THE spirited competition which has for some years past existed amongst the various theatrical establishments of the metropolis, while it has certainly increased the sphere of public amusement has been very unprofitable to the proprietors, particularly to those of the winter theatres, whose establishments are upon so large and so splendid a scale as only to be supported by a continued, liberal, and extensive patronage. Lovers as we are of the legitimate drama, we would have every theatre devoted to its representation, to enjoy the fullest protection ; but while we do this, we are not insensible that the minor theatres are entitled to some attention ; and we think such regulations might be made as would reconcile and secure the interests of the whole. That the minor theatres have encroached on the more legitimate province of the winter theatres will not be denied ; but we believe that the winter theatres set the example, by degrading their classic stage with horses, dogs, elephants, and monkeys, which were, certainly, serious inroads on the privileges of those in whose theatres they formed the principal source of attraction. But of all theatres, the Haymarket and English Opera House have had the greatest reason to complain of the winter theatres, on account of the extension of their seasons of performance.

We do not by any means deny the right of the proprietors of the winter theatres to keep them open the whole of the year, and to perform any pieces they may please, but we question the policy as well as the liberality of the measure ; for such is the size and expense of the winter theatres, that to keep open either when the town is very thin or when they have such competitors in the field as the Haymarket and the English Opera House, if not actually a losing concern, can certainly not be a profitable one.

We have been led into these remarks from the circumstance of its being reported that the new Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Montrose, has suggested an arrangement which will be adopted, by which the Haymarket Theatre is to have a season of five months, four of which are to be clear. Indeed, the Haymarket Theatre has always been so useful an auxiliary to the two great houses, that we are sure nothing but a very mistaken policy could have induced them to encroach upon it. It has been the nursery of talent, from which many of our brightest theatrical stars have arisen ; indeed, we should almost consider it an essential ordeal through which a performer in the higher walks of the profession should pass, before he ventured on the stage of our great theatres. The advantage of Drury Lane and Covent Garden performing only eight months in the year, will also be felt by the English Opera House, and, indeed, by the whole of the summer theatres.

As to the restriction said to be intended for the minor theatres,—that of confining them to spectacle and recitative in dialogue,—we much doubt how far it can be carried into effect.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—The plan adopted at this theatre, which we praised last week, that of exhibiting good old comedies, has been continued, and we think we may boldly venture to say, that, if persevered in, it will succeed, and prove that the legitimate drama has still a sufficient portion of admirers to support it and reward those who devote themselves to it. On Monday, Dr. Hoadly's comedy of the *Suspicious Husband* was admirably performed. Elliston's *Ranger* strongly reminded us of those days when, in such characters, he was without a rival ; and even now we do not know where to look for so able a representative of the character. Mr. Cooper appeared for the first time in *Frankly* ; it was a judicious performance, marked by good

sense and discrimination. Mrs. Glover, whom we are glad to find restored to these boards, gave a very spirited representation of Clarinda.

On Wednesday, the *Provoked Husband* was performed with some novel attractions. Miss Grimani made her third appearance in the part of Lady Grace, and the few opportunities which it afforded her talents were turned to advantage. Mr. Cooper supported, for the first time, the part of Lord Townly. His deportment was manly and genteel, his conception of the character correct, and his performance at once chaste and spirited. He was rewarded by the well merited plaudits of the audience; Knight's Squire Richard was in this excellent actor's best style. Munden's John Moody was an exhibition of broad humour. Mrs. West's personation of Lady Townly was marked by graceful ease and tenderness.—The public will, we are sure, rejoice to hear that Mr. Braham is engaged at this theatre, and will soon make his appearance in a popular opera.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—On Monday evening, Mr. Young, who has been some months on a professional tour in the country, reappeared on these boards in the character of Macbeth. He was received, on his entrance, with the most ardent applause; his performance, though marked by a fine and just conception of his author, by a distinct enunciation and correct execution, was, in some parts, rather languid; in the dagger and banquet scenes, however, he became sufficiently animated, and gave great effect to his personation of the character. Mrs. Faust, whose talents ought always to have saved her from melo-drama, was very effective in Lady Macbeth, and exhibited a terrific picture of guilt and crime unawed and unsubdued. Her reproaches to her husband on his fears and weakness, her dismissal of the guests from supper, and the sleeping scene, were very successful efforts, and were rewarded with applause cordial and frequent.

On Wednesday, Sheridan's comedy of the *Rivals* was very well performed; particularly the most difficult character of the whole, Falkland, which was sustained by Mr. Young, who exhibited the self-torturings and misgivings of this fond lover to the life. Mr. W. Farren's Sir Anthony Absolute wanted that parental affection and testiness of temper which distinguished Dowton in the same character. The other charac-

ters were well sustained; the parts of Julia and Lydia Languish by Mrs. Davison and Miss Foote, were admirable. Speaking of the latter lady, we cannot but regret that an actress of her talents should be degraded into a sort of capering columbine, in the romance of *Cherry and the Fair Star*. Surely some of the *corps de ballet* might have been found capable of performing the part without selecting for it one of the most pleasing actresses of the theatre.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—We suspect that before Mr. Mathews closes his present season, there will be very few, either residents in the metropolis or casual visitors to it, who will not have heard him relate the adventures of his youthful days, which grow more attractive by repetition.

**THE MINOR THEATRES.**—*Tom and Jerry* promises to be nearly as attractive at all the minor theatres as it was at the Adelphi. At Sadler's Wells the introduction of poney-races gives it a good variety, and the house fills well every evening.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—M. Alexandre's unique exhibition of a most peculiar and extraordinary talent, that of *ubiloquism*, forms a very prominent feature among the amusements of the metropolis. We are glad to see this amiable and ingenious Frenchman nightly honoured with a crowded audience.

### Literature and Science.

AT the Literary Society of Glasgow, the question for discussion, last week, was, 'Whether the writings of Sir Walter Scott or Robert Burns have tended more to the improvement of mankind.' After an animated debate, a considerable majority decided in favour of Burns.

It is well observed in the *Morning Post*, that 'this enthusiastic nationality for Burns and Scott, is a positive injustice to the memory of their countryman, Thomson; the tenderness of whose writings, whether we look to *The Seasons*, *The Castle of Indolence*, or to his *Liberty*, must have conducted infinitely more powerfully to the improvement of mankind, than the writings of Burns and Scott collectively.'

### The Bee.

'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'

LUCRETIUS.

**A French Calembourg.**—A facetious Frenchman, who resides in the Fou-

bourg du Temple, at Paris, has for his *sonnette* a brazen face with a huge nose, to which the bell-wire is affixed, and underneath the inquirer is directed to *sou-nez*.

**Jack Tar's retort.**—A sailor went into a pastry-cook's shop at the west end of the town, and taking up a custard, crammed it into his mouth; 'Polly, my dear!' said he, 'what may ye call this?'—'It is a custard;—six-pence, if you please?'—'Curst hard, by goles,' he replied, 'to pay so much for dividing one's teeth asunder.' Z.

A dozen specimens of the state of street-literature in London and its vicinity:—

1. At a Riding School. Horses broke for every denomination.—Blackfriars.
  2. At a tavern. The Traveller taken in here.
  3. A flower to be let. Whitechapel Road.
  4. At empty houses. These carcases to be sold. St. John Street Road.
  5. At a bricklayer's. Plaster of Parish by the bush. Somer's Town.
  6. At a pot-house. The Currier (Courier) taken in here.—Chelsea.
  7. At a corner of a street. Gentle luggins up his ear court.—Pancras.
  8. Over the door. Mangling done hear!—Tottenham Court Road.
  9. On the house. Scientific booksellers and stationers, pattens, clogs, &c.—St. Martin le Grand.
  10. Several walls. Bill Stickers, beware!—'This chap, had better fly; for he were better an outlaw, than to be taken after so many cautions.'
  11. At a shop. The best bear in Islington.
  12. Queen Caroline laying in state, and Buonaparte also laying in state.—West Smithfield.
- HOOK OR BY CROOK.**  
The shepherd one arm he had lost,—but contrived  
A hook, that he might not of use be deprived;  
And he ask'd his dear Phillis to wed?  
She said, 'I consent!' as his elbow she shook;  
'You will get me a living by hook or by crook;  
Elijah by ravens was fed.'

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Probus and Cupid,' the 'Roses and the Bees,' 'London and Bath,' in our next.

R. S. will find a review of the 'Union of the Roses,' in No. 133 of the *Literary Chronicle*.

Errata, p. 219, col. 1. line 1 from bottom, for 'orgies,' read 'rites'; p. 221, col. 2, l. 36, for 'Angels' read 'Angelo'; p. 237, col. 3, l. 16, for 'lines,' read 'hues'; 35, for 'efforts' read 'effects.'

\*\*\* A very few only of our stamped edition are printed beyond those regularly ordered; to prevent disappointment, therefore, orders for the country edition should be given early in the week.

## Advertisements.

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